

AT  
Henry and Minerva.

A

P O E M.

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By J. B. Esq;

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L O N D O N :

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THE  
P R E F A C E.



*THE Subject of the following  
Poem (or rather Sketch of  
one) runs wholly upon the  
Introduction of Polite Learning  
among us; a natural Consequence of the  
Downfall of Superstition under Henry VIII.  
who is the Hero of it. The Reader  
will see 'tis of the allegorical kind, form'd  
in some measure, upon the great Models of  
Spencer*

## P R E F A C E.

Spencer and Chaucer; the *Descriptions and Episodes* being interspers'd with *Historical Facts*, as well as with *Fables*; which last are borrowed either from the *Heathen Mythology*, or our own *Legendary Accounts of Antient Britain*. However the Author may have acquitted himself in other *Respects*, he has been pretty exact, at least, with *Regard to Chronology and Geography*; and has fix'd his *Time of Action* to the *propereſt Age* for the *Purpose in Hand*, viz. the *Beginning of the Sixteenth Century*, when *King Harry* was in his *Prime*; when all *Italy* was involv'd in *War*; and *Arts and Sciences* (so lately restor'd on t'other Side the *Alps*) were once more in a *ruinous State*, through the *Misfortunes of the House of Medici*, to which they had ow'd their *Re-establishment*.

He



## P R E F A C E.

*He has made the Triumph of P. Æmilius, in Canto I. the Epoch of Minerva's Empire in Rome, (though the Grecian Arts had been partly introduc'd there already by preceding Victories) as being a Circumstance that has not its Equal in History, on the Account of a Spectacle which Writers of those Times set forth with so much Solemnity.*

*In placing Minerva's Temple upon the Arno, Travellers will easily judge he had an Eye to the famous Florentine Gallery; and as many inestimable Rarities of the same Collection were dispers'd (not to reckon several others wholly lost) during those Intestine Divisions, (which were happily ended by the Accommodation between Charles V. and Pope Clement VIII.) that Havock has given Occasion to the Fable at the End of the same Canto.*

Glastonbury

## P R E F A C E.

Glastonbury (*renown'd for its Abbey*) is chosen to be the Scene of Canto IV. where the Palace of Superstition is describ'd (as that was the Loreto of England in those Days, because of the pretended Mission of Joseph of Arimathea; ) and so far is thought necessary to be premised. The Notes will illustrate other Passages, that may not be obvious to every Understanding.



Henry



# Henry *and* Minerva.

A

## P O E M.

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### C A N T O I.

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*E AUFORT*, great Heir of that distin-

[guish'd Blood,

Which from *Gaunt's* Veins derives its

[purple Flood :

On whose young Brow the Ducal

[Leaves are fixt,

With Sprigs of *Attic* Olive intermixt :

If not unpleas'd thy Eyes have e'er survey'd

*Rome's* hoary Piles, and *Tibur's* Sacred Shade,

B

If

If *Grecian* Treasures anxious thou hast fought,  
 And follow'd *Arundel's* great Track in Thought;  
 O give this humble Muse to creep beneath  
 That sumptuous Roof where marble *Cæsars*  
 Where *Guido's* Oils, and *Michel's* Groupes are  
 Nor scorn the Labours of the blue-ey'd Queen.

Where *Po* divides the fruitful *Lombard* Vale,  
 (Imperial *Po*, renown'd in antient Tale)  
 Mature of Years, an *Amazonian* Form  
 Lean'd on a Turf with scalding Tears grown warm;  
 Her yellow Hair abandon'd to the Wind,  
 (Unjust Neglect !) betray'd her tortur'd Mind;  
 Beside her lay a Morion stain'd with Gore,  
 Whose plummy Honours graceful wav'd no more,  
 (Remainder sad of a disputed Field !)  
 With half a Spear, and what was once a Shield.

All coopt in Steel, along th' enamel'd Mead  
 A Martial Youth prickt on his fiery Steed ;  
 His God-like Eyes shone awfully ferene,  
 And Sway was stamp't on his majestick Mien :  
 An hundred Toils atchiev'd in Ages past  
 (Flame-temper'd Work!) his Target's Circle grac'd :  
 Crown'd was his Helm, his Streamer snowy white  
 Display'd the Crofs which *Britons* wave in Fight  
 Lions with *Fleurdelis* alternate rais'd  
 In Gold, upon his Kingly Armour blaz'd :  
 A Scarf he wore with am'rous Emblem wrought,  
 And look'd as one who fair Adventure fought.  
 Was never fung in *Ariosto's* Lays,  
 A Knight so form'd to deck his Brows with Bays.



It chanc'd, as bounding o'er the Plain he past,  
 Full on the Dame his Eagle's View he cast ;  
 He stopp'd, he 'lit ; and with submissive Air  
 Advanc'd to learn the Spring of her Despair ;  
 Then thus---O more than mortal Nymph, he said,  
 Plung'd in deep Sorrows on the Earth's cold Bed ;  
 Since Beauty wrong'd from Knights demands Relief,  
 Into my Ear pour out thy hidden Grief ;  
 For by this Sacred Mysttick Badge, and Star  
 That shines conspicuous on my Breast, I swear  
 Against thy Peace tho' all *Cocytus* Arm,  
 And ev'ry *Stygian* Hag conspire a Charm ;  
 So to my Soul may Heav'n its Mercy show,  
 As I'll thy Champion prove, and right thee from  
 [thy Foe.

As



As when to Southern Blasts the Zephyr's Breeze  
 Instant succeeds, and calms the ruffled Seas ;  
 So sudden on the Fair-one's anxious Thought  
 The unknown *Paladin's* soft Accents wrought ;  
 Wak'd from her Lethargy of Care, she rais'd  
 Her awful Brow, her throbbing Heart appeas'd ;  
 Silent awhile admir'd the Stranger's Worth,  
 And, smiling heav'nly, thus at last broke forth.

Know, courteous Knight, by Poets not unfung,  
*Minerva* stil'd, from *Jove* himself I sprung ;  
 Child of his Brain, as *Citherea* fair,  
 Learning and Arms I made my Virgin Care.  
 By me on Fame's recording *Page* enroll'd  
*Phidias* and *Zeuxis* stand in deathless Gold :

Mine are the sumptuous Fane, th' aëreal Dome,  
 The sprightly Canvas, and the glowing Loom ;  
 The martial Attitude, th' alluring Form,  
 Nerves strung for Fight, and Graces made to warm.  
 I measure Time and Space (*Chaldean* Lore !)  
 And guide the Pilot by the *Magnet's* Pow'r ;  
 I gave *Columbus* latent Worlds to know,  
 And taught my *Tully's* Silver Tongue to flow.

First, where the *Nile*, and where *Euphrates* run,  
 The early Structure of my Fame begun ;  
 Grave *Zoroaster* \* here my Laws explain'd,  
 There swarthy *Isis* † my Vicegerent reign'd ;

---

\* He was King of *Bactria*, suppos'd a Magician, and Inventor of Astronomy and Astrology, which Sciences were brought afterwards from *Assyria* to *Greece*, by *Berosus*.

† Daughter of *Jupiter*, and Wife to *Osiris*, Goddess and Queen of the *Egyptians*. The Mythology is full of her Inventions and Discoveries in Arts and Sciences.

By her, fair Sculpture dawn'd, and Building rose,  
 And Pencils learn'd their Graces to disclose.  
 By him was trac'd how Planetary Spheres  
 Round unseen Axles roll in Months and Years ;  
 How Orbs of Light run o'er th' allotted Race,  
 And shed their mystick Pow'r on Nature's Face.  
 Their various Labours at one Center met,  
 Knowledge to raise, and make their Parent great ;  
 The Spark of Learning kindled into Flame,  
 And Envy sicken'd at *Minerva's* Name.

When Gods forsook their old *Olympian* Seats,  
 And Groves and Cities gave them new Retreats ;  
*Juno* to *Argos* came, and *Mars* to *Thrace*,  
 His *Delian* Realms *Apollo* chose to grace :  
 I fix'd in *Athens* ; and on *Greece* bestow'd  
 Each Art and Science from that lov'd Abode ;

Thence by Degrees my dawning Empire stretch'd  
Far as young *Ammon* or *Alcides* reach'd.

But the rough *Roman*, arm'd in Glory's Cause,  
Within his Embrio State despis'd my Laws ;  
His Martial Soul, fir'd with Renown alone,  
Of Sway impatient, grasp'd at Worlds unknown ;  
Stretch'd out its Views beyond the Polar Star,  
And scorn'd as Luxury, what was not War.  
Beneath his narrow parsimonious Shed,  
The rude Patrician's frugal Board was spread ;  
The *Circus* was a Bank, the rustick Scene  
Amus'd the gaping Many on the Green :  
Altars of Turf in wooden Temples stood,  
And Spoils of Nations hung from Walls of Mud :  
In Cottages Dictators took their Birth,  
And dead, unnoted slept in Urns of Earth.

At

At length, behold, *Emilius* \* comes ; O Name  
 To Art for ever Sacred, as to Fame !  
 His panting Steeds scarce pass *Rome*'s crowded Gate,  
 While scepter'd Captives on his Triumph wait.  
 An hundred Chariots fill'd with *Pella*'s † Spoils  
 Of *Grecian* Lore display the noblest Toils :  
 The Wealth of *Macedon*'s and *Asia*'s Shores ;  
*Persean* Treasures, and *Attalic* Stores §.

Old *Tiber* then, with unknown Warmth inspir'd,  
 Saw my bright Form, and as he saw, was fir'd :

\* He overcame *Perseus*, and put an End to the *Macedonian* Monarchy.

† The Capital of *Macedon*, from whence *Alexander* is call'd by *Juvenal*, *Pellaus Juvenis*.

§ From *Attalus* King of *Pergamus* and *Asia*, famous for his immense Wealth ; whence *Horace*, *Attalici Conditionibus* : the Kings of *Macedon*, having been Masters of the *East*, abounded with *Asiatic* Treasures.

From

From that great Hour my Heighth of Pride began,  
 From that the Years in fairer Order ran.  
 I rais'd his Palaces, and call'd his Gods  
 To *Parian* Thresholds from their thatch'd Abodes ;  
 Bad Arts in one firm Bond unite with Arms,  
 And temper'd *Roman* Fire with *Attic* Charms.

Thus while my Olive's envy'd Wreath I wore,  
 A thousand Suns their annual Race went o'er ;  
 A thousand Worthies in that Age of Light  
 Rose up Supporters of *Minerva's* Right :  
 I shew'd my Blessings on the *Julian* Line,  
 Brought up my *Trajan*, and my *Antonine* ;  
 And built within my Thought, (oh Prospect vain !)  
 The flatt'ring Fabrick of an endless Reign :  
 But Fate had there my Empire's Period set,  
 And ev'n Immortals must to Fate submit.

Thicker



Thicker than wafted by the vernal Breeze  
 Extend o'er *Hybla's* Top the clustring Bees,  
 The Polar Bear from Her abundant Womb  
 Pour'd forth the Bane \* of Learning, and of *Rome*,  
 The *Alps* in vain their vast Barrier oppose,  
 Swarms rise on Swarms, and Foes succeed to Foes :  
 I saw their armed Wains, and harness'd Steeds  
 O'erspread the *Sabine* Fields, and *Tuscan* Meads ;  
 I heard their savage Horns † provoke the War,  
 While human Victims bled to horrid *Thor* §.

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\* The Northern Hive, under different Denominations, had often unsuccessfully attempted the Overthrow of the Roman Empire in the West, as in the Times of *Caius Marius*, the *Antonines*, *Æmilian*, *Claudius Gothicus*, and others ; they almost effected it by the Defeat of *Trajan Decius*, and the scandalous Composition of *Trebonianus* his Successor : but the first of their entering the Walls of *Rome* was in the Reign of *Honorius*, under their King *Alaric* ; these were the *Visigoths*.

† The Horn was the Martial Instrument of most of the Northern Nations, and is yet us'd in War by some of the *Swiss* Cantons ; particularly that of *Uri*.

§ *Thor*, the *Jupiter* of the *Saxons*, or *Tentons* ; from whom *Thursday*.

As weeping *Rome* the Rout accurs'd receiv'd,  
 Old *Tiber* sigh'd, and all *Olympus* griev'd ;  
 Great *Mars* bemoan'd his City's Funeral,  
 And *Jove* indignant saw his \* Temples fall :  
 What *Nero's* Madness spar'd, the raging *Goths*  
 Destroys, and Ignorance adds Force to Wrath.

Oh ! matchless *Palatine* ; Imperial Frame !  
 Can I unmov'd thy setting Glories name ;  
 Or say what Flames round that proud Mansion  
 Whence the long Line of *Cæsars* aw'd the World ?  
 Lo ! where the Coward Eagles wing their Way,  
 And *Stilico* † (false Traitor !) shuns the Fray ;

---

\* This is a Poetical Liberty ; for when this happen'd Christianity had been for many Reigns establish'd in *Rome* ; so that *Jupiter's* Concern here is not for his Worship, (long abolish'd) but for the Structures of his Temples ; of some of which there are yet such magnificent Vestiges.

† *Stilico* was Father-in-Law and General to *Honorius* (*V. Claudian*) of *Gothick* Extraction himself, and with great Reason suspected of Treachery in that Affair.

No new *Camillus* dares abide the Shock,  
 No Saviour *Manlius* guards the sacred Rock.

As some huge Lion, (Monarch of the Wild,)  
 His Fangs impair'd by Age, his Vigour foil'd ;  
 Helpless within his Den is seen to mourn  
 Beneath the dastard Wolf's insulting Spurn :  
 So *Rome*, late Queen of *Asia's* utmost Shores,  
 Trampled by *Alaric*, her Fate deplores ;  
 Of Heros past invokes th' *Elysian* Bands,  
 And to *Tarpeian Jove* extends her Hands ;  
 Deaf to her Cry is *Jove* ; are deaf the *Manes* ;  
 And one dire WASTE along her *Tiber* reigns.

Forc'd from my known Abode, despis'd, forlorn,  
 I rang'd the Ball, my savage Victor's Scorn ;

A

†

A second Shelter fought from *East* to *West*,  
 But *Goths* or \* *Monks* the spacious Round possess'd.  
 Here Ignorance in Steel was arm'd, and there,  
 Cloath'd in a Cowl, dissembled Fast and Pray'r ;  
 Against my Sway her pious Hand stretch'd out,  
 And fenc'd with double Fogs her Idiot Rout.

Near th'*Euxine's* fable Wave at length I fate  
 Where *Pontick Cæsars* held their *Eastern* State †;  
 Again a Goddess and a Queen was own'd,  
 In a new *Athens* by new *Greeks* enthron'd :

\* The Papal Authority was already in great Vogue at that Time, and consequently Monks very numerous.

† *Constantinople* produc'd many Learned Men, and several of the Eastern Emperors were great Encouragers of Arts and Sciences: They amassed infinite Manuscripts, the undestroy'd Part of which, either remain there to this Day, or were purchas'd by the *Medici* Family, after the taking of that City by *Mahomet II.* at which Time *Lascaris, Chalcondilas, Bessarion*, and other illustrious *Greeks*, took Sanctuary in *Italy*.

Thence

Thence too (from § *Mecca's* Skylong-threaten'd Pest)

Me and my Sons th' Impostor Prophet chac'd.

But lo ! on fair *Aufonia's* Soil once more

New Stars their Influence shed, new Blessings pour !

The Cloud of Ages broke, for Light makes Way,

And darkling Knowledge greets Return of Day :

Two of an House \* my long-forgotten Name

Raise up unhop'd ; and blot away my Shame :

Hail, Queen of Cities, learned *Florence*, hail ;

I see thee, beauteous on thy *Tuscan* Vale,

Of thy great *Medici* the Worth unfold,

And rise what *Rome* and *Athens* were of old ?

§ *Mahomet*, born at *Mecca* in *Arabia*, where the *Turks* go in Pilgrimage to visit his Tomb.

\* *Laurence* of *Medici*, and his Son *Julius* (afterwards Pope *Leo X.*) the greatest Patrons of Learning in *Italy*, since the Decline of the *Roman* Empire. They flourish'd about the End of the XVth and Beginning of the XVIth Century.

Where

†



Where lofty *Apennine* exalts his Head,  
 And loft in Clouds o'erlooks the *Arno's* Bed ;  
 In a dark Grove untrod by human Feet,  
 I built for Arts and Me a last Retreat.  
*Corinthian* Work, with rich *Mosaic* bright  
 The Dome upon the Shade reflected Light ;  
 The Walls with high Relievos were emboss'd,  
 And in the various Fresques the Eye was lost :  
 Bold were the Touches, as the Colours warm,  
 At once contriv'd to please and to inform.

Here might be seen how Painting's Dawn was  
 And Forms by Crooks were sketch'd upon the [found,  
 How Infant Sculpture cut out Gods of Oak, [Ground ;  
 And Oracles from Beach and Maple spoke ;

There



There plastick Art on Stone ap'd Nature's Face,  
 Or call'd out Animals from fufil Brafs :  
*Egypt's* rich Veins their *Porphyrys* disclos'd,  
*Granites* were wrought, and *Stuccos* were compos'd;  
 Huge Fabricks rear'd their Adamantine Frames,  
 And Fame immortaliz'd the Builder's Names.  
 The *Carian* \* Queen, to Love and Virtue juft,  
 Lavish'd whole Quarries o'er her Husband's Duft :  
*Babel* was opposite, (aëreal Pile !)  
 And the tall *Pyramids* o'erlook'd their *Nile* :  
 Here in mid Air the Giant *Belus* fhone,  
 There, (Wonder of Mankind !) the *Rhodian* Sun †.  
 Labours of Artifts, fam'd in Ages past,  
 In Oils were painted, or in Metals caft :

---

\* *Artemisia*: She erected that Monument, which was esteem'd one of the Wonders of the World, for her Husband *Mausolus*.

† The *Coloffus* of *Rhodes*, it was destroy'd by the *Saracens*.

Here all unveil'd, to form one *Venus*\*, flood,  
 Each fairest Model of the *Grecian* Blood:  
*Campaspe* drew the ravish'd Master's Eyes †,  
 And first his Subject, now became his Prize.  
 Young *Florence* there a second *Athens* grew,  
 Painting reviv'd, and blest her *Cimabue* §,  
*Vinci*, and *Perugine*, (my elder Care)  
 And matchless *Raphael's* youthful Form, were near.

Distant from these five beauteous Orders rose,  
 The Rich the *Greek*, the Plain the *Tuscan* chose;  
 Their various Plans an hundred Sages wrought,  
 Whose Names, torn out by Envy, are forgot:

---

\* It is a known Story of *Praxiteles*.

† *Apelles* having drawn this favourite Mistress of *Alexander*, the King was so pleas'd with his Performance, that he presented him with the Lady.

§ A *Florentine* of noble Descent, the first Restorer of Painting in the fourteenth Century.

But high above the rest, of Mien divine,  
 Stood the great Architect of *Jesse's* Line ;  
 With upward Eyes, tow'rd's Heav'n's exalted Vault,  
 Intent he look'd, and seem'd as wrap'd in Thought.

Full in the Midst, of burnish'd Gold my Throne  
 With storied Groups, and mystick Emblems shone ;  
 There were display'd to Sight, my wondrous Birth,  
 The Giant's War, and all my Toils on Earth ;  
 Her rival Loom ill-farr'd *Arachne* wove,  
 And own'd too late the Progeny of *Jove* ;  
 My beauteous Form the Race of *Cecrops* warms,  
 And burning *Troy* repents my flighted Charms.  
 The Builder's Compasses and Tools were there,  
 And Chisels exquisite, and Pencils rare,  
 All that belongs to Art, and is *Minerva's* Care :

Patrons of Sciences, with Olive crown'd,  
 On sumptuous Pedestals were plac'd around ;  
 Here *Cyrus* stood, another *Solomon* \*,  
 And *Egypt's Ptolomy*, and *Philip's* Son ;  
*Augustus* great in Empire as in Soul,  
 And *Francis* †, not the least in Learning's Roll.

In this Recess, to Eyes profane unknown,  
 I brav'd pale Envy on her *Stygian* Throne ;  
 My Vot'ries, by a secret Path convey'd,  
 O'ercame the Eminence, and pierc'd the Shade ;  
 Nought human else broke in upon my Rest,  
 Durst climb the Mountain, or the Grove infest.

---

\* *Cyrus* caus'd the Temple of *Jerusalem* to be rebuilt.

† King of *France*, the first of that Name, contemporary with *Henry VII* and *VIII*. a great Encourager of Learning, as well as a great Soldier; the famous Painter *Leonard Vinci* expir'd in his Arms.

But ah ! of long Repose, how vain the Hope !  
 Against my Pow'r new hell-born Foes \* rise up ;  
 Discord and Anarchy lead up their Bands,  
 And Uproar stretches out his thousand Hands.  
 Why should I tell how Civil Fury rag'd,  
 And *Cosmo's* † Race successless Battles wag'd ?  
 How impious Flames upon my Temple fed,  
 And *Tuscan* Treasures choak'd the *Arno's* Bed.  
 Single I try'd the Field against their Odds,  
 And summon'd to my Aid my Kindred Gods :

\* The *Florentines* drove out the House of *Medici*, after the Death of *Laurence*, and seiz'd all their Estates, Palaces, &c. declaring them Tyrants : Several of the meanest among the People put themselves at the Head of the Mutiny, committing infinite Disorders, which lasted till the City was reduc'd, in Behalf of Pope *Clement VII.* by *Charles V.* after a most obstinate and bloody Siege.

† *Cosmo*, called the Father of his Country ; the first who pav'd the Way for the Sovereignty of the *Medici* ; the great *Laurence* was his eldest Son : The present great Dukes are but a Collateral and Younger Line.



What could the Gods, when Fate's oppos'd Decree  
Was past immutable on Arts and me ?

Or what avail'd my Snake-displaying Shield,  
To wave the awful Crest, or pointed Lance to  
[weild?

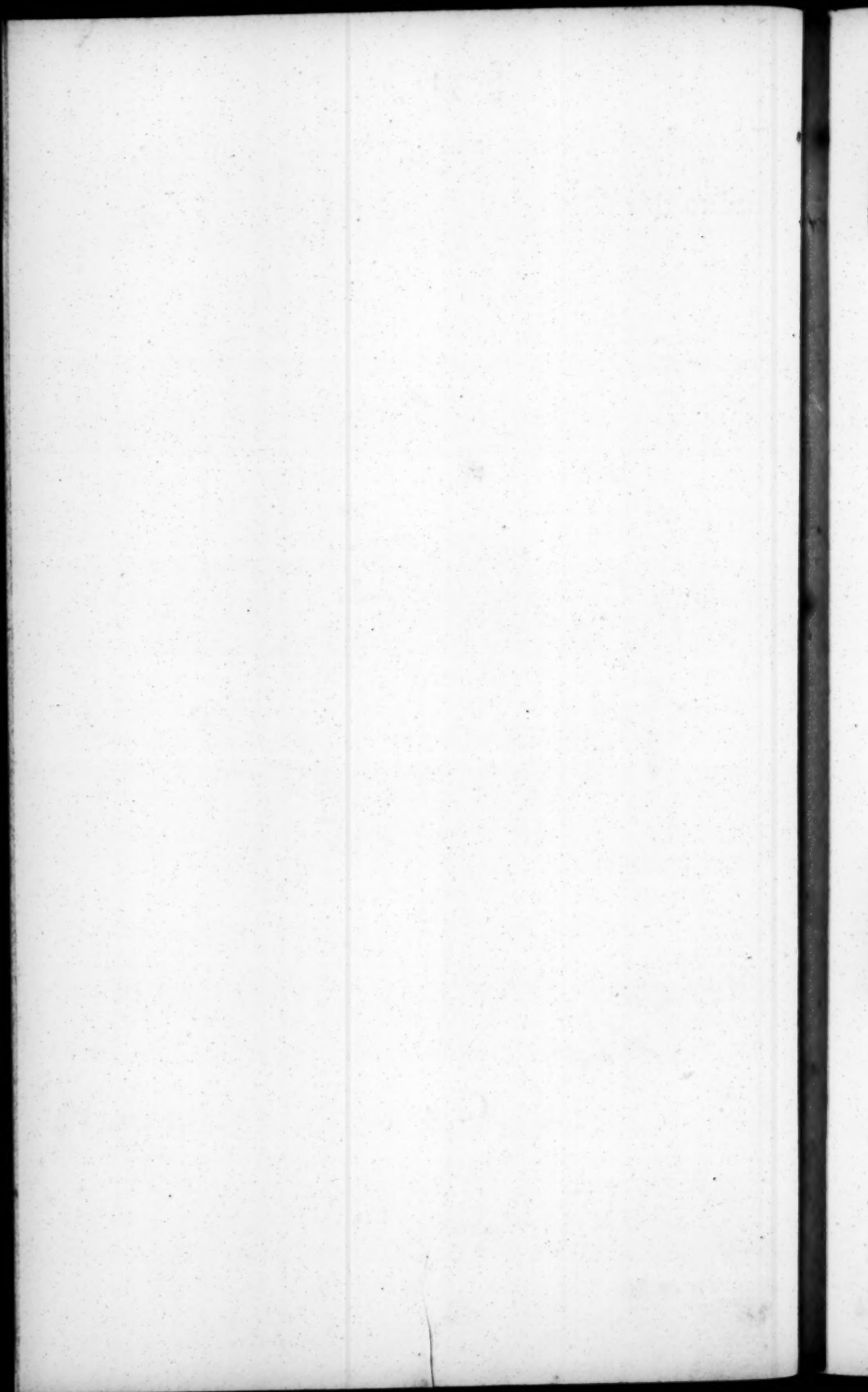
Thou seest, O Prince, the Marks of my Distress,  
This broken Weapon, and neglected Dress ;  
These Eyesthro' which my gushing Sorrows shew'r,  
And languid Cheek, whose Roses blush no more.  
Uncertain where my wayward Steps to bend,  
I seek in vain a Patron and a Friend ;  
And joyless, backward my Remembrance cast  
On Ages of Delight, and Glories past.  
Now by thy Knighthood, and the sacred Round,  
With which the Brows of Majesty are bound ;  
By that fair Mark of Dignity, the Star,  
The Champion Saint, and winged Serpents War ;

From



From whence thou art, and by what wondrous Fate,  
Led to this solitary Glade, relate ;  
Then make *Minerva* Part'ner of thy Throne,  
And fix her Empire, where Thou hold'st thy own.







# Henry *and* Minerva.

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## P O E M.

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### C A N T O II.

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HE paus'd, and lowly seated by her  
[Side,  
With graceful Accent thus the Knight  
[reply'd;  
If haply *Albion's* Fame has reach'd  
[thy Ear,  
(For *Albion* sure is worth *Minerva's* Care)

Know I derive from thence my Princely Birth,

And that rich Blood which flows the first on Earth.

High

High as *Deucalion's* Days my Sires ascend,  
 All born for Empire, and untaught to bend :  
 In me two mighty Stems their Branches join,  
 And \* *Woden's* Race unites with *Priam's* Line.  
 Far as great *Thetis'* watry Realms are stretch'd,  
 Inspiring Dread, their mighty Names have reach'd :  
 These stemm'd the Fury of insulting *Danes*,  
 Or fought Renown in *Syria's* † Torrid Plains :  
 Of proud § *Iberians*, those the Legions broke,  
 Or taught vain *Gallia* to receive their Yoke.  
 Where-e'er our Crosses wanton in the Wind,  
 Success, Attendant sure, is still behind ;

---

\* The *Mercury*, and greatest of all the Northern Gods ; he was originally a *Scythian*, famous for the *Magick* Art, and left the Banks of the *Tanais* upon the Approach of *Pompey* in the *Mithridatic* War, to settle upon the *Baltick*. Our *Saxon* Kings deriv'd from him in a direct Line.

† This alludes to the Holy Wars, where *Richard I.* and *Edward I.* assisted in Person.

§ When our *Black Prince* assisted *Peter the Cruel*, King of *Castile*, against *Henry the Bastard*.

And

And Conquest, partial to her *Albion's* Kings,  
O'er their plum'd Bevers spreads her scarlet Wings.

He said; and strait to the Celestial Maid,  
The wond'rous Cov'ring of his Left display'd;  
A nobler Orb than what, in Days of old,  
*Æneas* bore, and *Maro* did unfold.  
By *Merlin's* Art, with many a secret Charm,  
Contriv'd at first for mighty *Arthur's* Arm;  
(That Night fair *Igren* \*, by the Sage deceiv'd,  
The future Worthy in her Womb conceiv'd;)  
From Him the Gift to *Tudor's* Race came down,  
Sure Pledge of Sway, and Earnest of a Crown.

---

\* The Fable runs thus: *Uter Pendragon* falling desperately in Love with *Igren* or *Igernia*, (Duchess of *Cornwal*) a Lady of great Chastity, got to the Possession of her in the Likeness of her Husband *Gorlois*, by the Artifice of the Enchanter *Merlin*. The great *Arthur* was the Fruit of this Stratagem.



On the wide Margin *Brute's* long Line appear'd,  
 (Heros in barb'rous Majesty rever'd ;)  
 Bold *Corineus* † led his *Phrygian* Band,  
 And tumbled Earth-born Giants on the Sand ;  
 The dreadful *Greenshields* \* shook his beamy Spear,  
 And grave *Dunwallo* † Justice made his Care.  
 The *Julian* Eagles perch'd on *Cantium's* Coast,  
*Cassibelan* § oppos'd his painted Host.  
 Here by the cunning Artizan were feign'd  
*Bonduca's* \*\* Wars, and Female Trophies gain'd ;

---

† *Corineus*, from whom *Cornwal* deriv'd its Name : *Brutus* gave him that Province as a Reward for slaying a Giant in single Fight : They keep this Legend still in the *West*, near *Plymouth*, where is shewn the very Place of the Action, as they pretend.

\* *Brute Greenshields* : He conquer'd the King of *Hainault*. *Vid. Spencer.*

† *Dunwallo*, surnamed *Mulmutius* ; who compos'd the famous *Mulmutian* Laws, which subsisted to the *Saxon* Times.

§ *Cassivelaunus*, King of the *Trinobantes*, who were the People of *Surrey*, *Hertfordshire*, *Essex*, *Middlesex*, &c. at the Time of *Caesar's* Invasion.

\*\* *Bonduca*, or *Boadicea*, Queen of the *Iceni*, (i. e. *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*) overthrew some of the *Roman* Generals, in Revenge for the Ravishment of her Daughters ; she was at last subdu'd by *Suetonius*, Lieutenant to *Claudius*.

Fierce

Fierce *Caratach* †† his moony Troops led on,  
 And Victory crown'd \* *Helen's* Godlike Son.  
 There shone the Glories of the † *Anglian* Line,  
 The Heptarch Lords, and *Rowen's* Form § divine,  
 Th' enamour'd *Briton* quaff'd the fatal Bowl,  
 And gaz'd away his Empire, and his Soul :  
 Battle ensu'd, and Warriors pale in Death,  
 With mangled Bodies strew th' enfanguin'd Heath.

†† *Caractacus*, a rough and bold *Briton*, Kinsman to *Boadicea*, who was carried in triumph to *Rome*, *V. Tacitus*. His Character is admirably drawn by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in the Tragedy call'd *Bonduca*.

\* *Constantine the Great*, whose Mother (Wife to the Emperor *Constantinus Chlorus*, and Sainted by the *Romanists* for the Discovery of the Holy Cross) was Daughter to *Coel*, a *British* Prince.

† The *Angles* were a People of *Holstein*, near the *Elbe*, and a Branch of the *Saxon* Stem : *Hengist* and *Horsa*, the two Brothers who first came over into *Britain*, were Princes of that Country, from whence *England* derives its Name.

§ *Roen*, or *Rowena*, Niece to the above-mention'd Princes, was brought over by them as a Lure for old King *Vortigern* ; to whom having drank at a Banquet they had prepar'd for him, he pledg'd the Cup, and fell in Love with her to that Degree, that he divorc'd his *Christian* Wife to marry this *Pagan*, giving *Kent* to *Hengist*. Upon this fatal Engagement, *Vortimer* his Son fought the *Saxons* in several Battles, as did his Successors, but ineffectually ; for they gain'd more and more Ground, till they put an End to the antient *British* Monarchy, which expir'd with *Cadwallader*, and establish'd their Heptarchy.

Severe

Severe of Sway here *Mercian Offa* stood,  
 And impious *Quenda* †† stain'd with Infant Blood :  
 The Darling next, of Fortune and of Fame,  
 With Acclamations grac'd, young *Egbert* \* came ;  
 The long-divided States his Empire own ;  
 And Lord of all confest, he fills the Throne.  
 Strong *Edmund* there I saw, and stern *Canute* ;  
 (The *Severn* † trembling at their fierce Dispute)  
 The equal Chiefs the doubtful Strife compose,  
 And *Dane* and *Saxon* are no longer Foes.

---

†† *Quenda* was Daughter to *Offa*, (one of the greatest Heptarch Kings) and murder'd her Brother *Kenelm* (an Infant) that she might succeed to the *Mercian* Throne.

\* *Egbert* King of the *West Saxons*, who became afterwards first sole Monarch of *England*, thereby putting an End to the Heptarchy.

† This famous Duel, between *Canute* and *Edmund Ironside*, was fought in an Island of that River, in Sight of both Armies.

But,

But, lo ! a *Norman* Progeny appears !  
 And *Albion's* Crown from slaughter'd *Harold* tears ;  
 Of *Anjou's* \* *Loins Plantagenet* succeeds,  
 New *Saxons* reign, and *Cœur de Lion* † bleeds.  
*Henries* and *Edwards* on the Shield were wrought,  
 Barons were quell'd, and adverse *Roses* fought :  
 The scatter'd *Lillies* were the *Britons* Sport,  
 Nor wanted *Cressy* there, nor *Agincourt*.

All these with curious Eye the Nymph beheld,  
 But inward rag'd, to see her Lore excell'd ;  
 Wonder'd how Magick could improve on Art,  
 And *Stygian* Spells supply *Minerva's* Part.

\* *Henry II.* Son to the Empress *Maud*, was of the House of *Anjou*, by the Father's Side, one of whom took the Name of *Plantagenet*, from the Branch of a Birch Tree he wore in his Cap, by Way of Humiliation, in a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

† *Richard I.* accidentally kill'd by an Arrow from the Walls of a Castle in *Normandy*, at his Return from the Holy Land.

The Monarch then, Thou see'st, O Heav'n-born  
 [Fair,  
 What the long Successors of *Brutus* were ;  
 How great they soar'd to their Paternal Skies,  
 In War how dreadful, and in Peace how wise.  
 But what avail a thousand Trophies won,  
 And all our long Career of Glory run ;  
 If, fold to *Rome* in an ill-fated Hour \*,  
 We bow to Superstition's blinding Pow'r ;  
 Bend to the servile Yoke we justly hate,  
 And waste our Sinews to support her State ?

Supine on Down mean while Her Vot'ries lie,  
 And from their Cells my scepter'd Hand defy ;

---

† By King *John*, who made a Grant of *England* to the See of *Rome*.



Law, Reason, Right, their ill-got Power braves ;  
 Monarchs their Tools, the People are their Slaves :  
 For them our curling Vines their Tendrils shoot ;  
 For them the Peasant's ripen'd Glebe is cut ;  
 Possess'd of half our Wealth, at more they grasp,  
 And the Bee's Labour feeds the Sluggard Wasp.

But while beneath their lazy Sway we stoop,  
 Learning and Arts, thy beauteous Daughters, droop ;  
 Still o'er our Heads the *Gothic* Mift impends,  
 And Life, begun in Night, in Darkness ends.  
 So when from th' *Arab* Sands, are wafted o'er  
 Black Locust Clouds to some ill-fated Shore ;  
 Their noxious Myriads intercept the Sun,  
 And Men, at once, are blinded, and undone.

In Youth's first Blossom of a Crown posselt,  
 I heard thy Fame, and fought thee for my Guest;  
 I fought; but, ah! the anxious Search was vain;  
 For Ignorance proclaim'd thy ended Reign.  
 Whose beauteous Shores an hundred Cities grace,  
 With curious Eye the mighty *Rhine* I trace;  
 Roving from thence along the *Danube's* Flood,  
 In ev'ry verdant Field, and hoary Wood,  
 Thy Pow'r rever'd I call, and Altars raise,  
 Make Victims bleed, and fragrant Incense blaze.

A Nymph, at last, with Wonder struck, I see;  
 Something that imitates, but is not thee;  
 Approach'd with Awe, her *Vandal* Size I knew,  
 And round dull Eye, that ap'd thy heav'nly Blue.

Her

Her jovial Cheeks affect a Virgin Bloom,  
*Leipsick* her *Athens*, *Leyden* is her *Rome* :  
*False Taste*, I heard her nam'd, in *Northern* Climes,  
 Renown'd for Arts, and sung in *Runick* Rhimes.  
 Dispute is near her Throne, and Clamour loud,  
 And Argument that deafens all the Crowd :  
 Here Pedants, skill'd in metaphysick Rules,  
 Mistake for Sense the barbarous Cant of Schools;  
 Fat Criticks Flaws in *Virgil's* Muse descry,  
 And poring Fools teach clock-work Birds to fly.

I quit the foggy Soil, and seek the Shore  
 Where *Tagus'* Wave the golden Sand glides o'er;  
 Where his fam'd Pillars great *Alcides* fix'd,  
 And mighty Madness with some Sense is mix'd :  
 Here Chivalry (strange Goddess) holds the Sway  
 Whom Errant Knights and love-sick Nymphs obey:

An hec tick Form, with meagre shallow Face,  
 Grasping a Spear she rules the crazy Race ;  
 Her plummy Crest a Moon at Full sustains,  
 To shew the Planet's Influ'ence on her Brains :  
 In a fair Palace built by magick *Lore*,  
 (The Work, Fame says, of some Enchanter *Moor*)  
 On visionary Books she sits reclin'd,  
 Revolving past Exploits within her Mind ;  
 Around stand Giant Forms, and all the Monster Kind.  
 Among her Vot'ries, nice Punctilio reigns,  
 And empty Praise rewards the Hero's Pains :  
 So strange a Sky the Sons of *Tubal* \* share,  
 Scarce fewer Lunaticks than Men are there.

---

\* *Tubal-Cain*; the *Spanish* Historians make him the Father of that People.

These to dissolve some virgin-binding Charm,  
Against imaginary Dragons arm :

Those war with Bulls, (oh, Force of frantick Love!)

And half expire to gain a Lady's Glove :

Mad as the People are the Muse's Themes,

*Orlando's* Battles, and *Urganda's* Dreams,

And Damsels woo'd by Knights near gently-purl-  
[ing Streams.]

Still busy'd in her Search, my active Mind

To *Gallia* now my wayward Steps inclin'd :

I strive t'o'ertake thee on the *Rhone's* proud Bed,

Where old *Lugdunum* rears her tow'r-crown'd Head;

Pursue the fierce *Garonne's* impetuous Flood,

And length'ning *Loire* imbru'd in *Moorish* † Blood :

† *Abderamen*, King of the *Moors*, was defeated at *Tours* upon the *Loire* with 200,000 Men, by *Charles Martel*, in the Eighth Century.



Foremost in Fame, at last th'imperial *Seine*  
 Invites my Eye to look for Learning's Queen :  
 The Tempter Luxury there holds her State,  
 And for th'Unwary lays the *Syren* Bait ;  
 Eternal Banquets on her Board appear,  
 Eternal Musick soothes the ravish'd Ear ;  
 On fair *Lutetia* still her View is cast,  
 Who binds her Slaves in gilded Fetters fast :  
 Unzon'd she sits, and to entice her Guests,  
 (Artful Enchantress !) spreads her naked Breasts,  
 Whose wanton Globes in borrow'd Iv'ry clad,  
 Run all her Crowd of purblind Suitors mad.  
 Around her careless thrown, a loose *Simarr*,  
 (*Tyre's* richest Dye) provokes the am'rous War ;  
 Nor wants Vermilion to increase Desire,  
 Nor sparkling Gems that glow with *Indian* Fire.

There

There Lust reigns absolute, and knows no Bound,  
 And guilty Joys pursue their lawless Round ;  
 Leud Tales are heard, and Reputations torn,  
 And Mothers their deluded Virgins mourn :  
 A thousand Snares for Innocence are laid,  
 The Ball, the Feast, the Masque, and Serenade;  
 The Philtre lurking in the golden Bowl,  
 And th'am'rous Glance that steals away the Soul.

Falschhood is here, and Coquetry, and Pride ;  
 And Prud'ry fly, that turns the Head aside ;  
 The laughing Many no Disturbance know,  
 Nor anxious Moment of intruding Woe ;  
 Far off sits Sorrow with distracting Pain,  
 Nor Spleen the Nymph, nor Care molests the Swain.

Now almost from my Soul's great Purpose mov'd,  
 I saw, I heard, I revel'd, and I lov'd ;  
 So tempting sweet the pois'nous Draught went down,  
 I half forgot my *Albion* and my Crown ;  
 For baleful Pleasure is like *Lethe's* Wave,  
 And buries Thought in dark Oblivion's Grave,

But lo ! as leaden Sleep's nocturnal Pow'r  
 Had lull'd my Senses one distinguish'd Hour,  
 All in the spotless Ermin's Pom array'd,  
 Stood by my silent Couch a Royal Shade ;  
 I knew the *Saxon Alfred's* awful Form,  
 And Eyes with Wisdom's sacred Sparkles warm ;  
 A pearly Wreath shone round his Snow-white Head ;  
 He wav'd his Silver Wand, and thus he said ;  
 O born of *Anjou's*, and of *Tudor's* Line,  
 In whom the Glories of both Roses shine ;

If Honour, Wealth, and Fame be worth thy Care,  
 To my sage Precepts lend a filial Ear;  
 Fly hence, ere yet the Ill, too strong for Cure,  
 Gives up thy Virtue to the *Circe's* Lure;  
 Nor meanly quench that noble Spark of Praise  
 Which in thy gen'rous Breast begun to blaze:  
 Spread for th'inglorious Throng, the filken Toil  
 Licks up the Drofs and Scum of ev'ry Soil;  
 And shall those Heads which Nations have in Trust,  
 Herd with the Populace, and mix with Dust?  
 From these soft Realms, lo! where the bold § *Valois*  
 Thro' *Alpine* Snows (ambitious Monarch) flies;  
 Pursues Renown on red \* *Insubrian* Plains,  
 Nor stoops to wear his own *Lutetia's* Chains.

---

§ *Francis I.*

\* That part of *Lombardy* which now takes in the *Milaneze*, was anciently called *Insubria*: It was here many bloody Battles were fought during that cruel War between *Charles V.* and *Francis*; particularly that famous one of *Pavia*, in which the latter was taken Prisoner, and the Flower of the *French* Nobility perish'd.

Thy

Thy mighty Sire in Arms as Wisdom great  
 Built his high Name on Tyranny's Defeat,  
 Appeas'd the Manes of † Kings at *Bosworth's* Field,  
 And gave new Lustre to the *Tudor*-Shield.  
 In Doom's eternal Page a noble Toil  
 Is thine (O Saviour of thy *Albion's* Isle !)  
 To drive out Monkish Sloth, fair Learning's Bane,  
 Pest of the Soil, and Scandal of thy Reign.  
 Patron of Arts, on *Isis'* Silver Bed  
 In vain I rais'd my *Rhedicina's* § Head ;  
 In vain with Wealth endow'd her meagre Bands ;  
 And to give Gown's-men Learning, gavethem Lands:  
 Mitres and Cowls the glorious Scheme controul,  
 And Springs of Sciences with Mud run foul.

---

† Of *Henry VI.* and *Edward V.* who had been murther'd by *Richard Duke of Gloucester*, to pave his Way to the Throne.

§ *Oxford*, call'd in *Saxon*, *Rhydichin*.



Behold *Minerva*, yet in Beauty's Bloom,  
 (Whom *Athens* once ador'd, and mightier *Rome*;) ,  
 Where fam'd *Eridanus* cuts out his Way,  
 Forlorn, abandon'd, shuns the Face of Day;  
 Thy Knightly Aid to the fair Mourner give,  
 And in thy own *Augusta* bid her live:  
 Scar'd by her radiant Form, and *Gorgon* Shield,  
 I see the bald-pate Legions quit the Field:  
 Again her *Stygian* Cell pale Envy seeks,  
 And Superstition her vain Crozier breaks:  
 This War for *Henry* was reserv'd by Fate,  
 And *Henry's* Work *Eliza* shall compleat.  
 He ceas'd, and vanish'd: — joyful I obey,  
 Have fought, have found; & call thee forth to Sway:  
 Scorn not the Sword for sacred Learning drawn,  
 And give our *Albion* to salute thy Dawn.

But

But now a Vapour gliding thro' the Air,  
 From *Henry's* Eye conceal'd the shrowded Fair;  
 So swift it glanc'd, that scarce with speedier Pace,  
*Jove's* forked Light'ning cleaves th'æthereal Space.  
 As one by Necromantick Chains held fast,  
 Fix'd to the Ground, a while he stood aghast,  
 'Till soon again disclos'd, her liquid Veil  
 The Goddess broke, and shone in burnish'd Mail.  
 Snaky *Medusa* on her Shield was feign'd,  
 Her Ostrich Plume the mystick Sphinx \* sustain'd  
 The golden *Ægid* † her fair Bosom grac'd,  
 Her buskin'd Leg a Round of Gems embrac'd.

---

\* The Owl is commonly *Minerva's* Crest upon Antiques; but the Sphinx is likewise frequently seen, and sounds much better, especially in Poetry.

† It was the *Gorgon's* Head which fasten'd her Mantle on her Breast. *Roman* Emperors and Heroes are often represented with it, on Busts, Medals, &c.

So look'd she on the Day, when, struck with Dread,  
 Thro' Heav'n's wide Waste, the routed *Titans* fled;  
 Or when on *Xanthus*' Shore, (as sings the Bard),  
 In thy great Cause, victorious *Greece*, she warr'd.  
 Snatch'd by a Pow'r unseen, the wond'ring Knight  
 Soars by her Side into the Realms of Light;  
 Born on a purple Cloud they cut the Sky,  
 And *Jove* auspicious thunders from on high.



Henry





# Henry *and* Minerva.

A

## P O E M.

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### C A N T O III.

---



E A R cold *Mæotis*' weed-engend'ring

[Wave,

Eternal Fogs hang noisome o'er a Cave

Where Night-born *Ignorance*, wide-

[swaying Queen,

And Bat-wing'd *Sloth*, Her unambitious Twin,

Stretch'd on *Stymphatian* Feathers, doze and dream,

And banish from their Eyes the Solar Beam ;

Near



Near them stands grinning *Folly*, vain *Conceit*,  
 And powder'd *Levity* with nimble Feet ;  
 Brazen Assurance in *Ierne* bred,  
 And *Pedantry* on endless Volumes fed.  
 Crowds fill the various Chambers of the Grott,  
 Whose Names, as soon as mention'd, are forgot ;  
*Indians* who take mere Nature for their Guide,  
*Russians* to Bears, and *French* to Apes ally'd ;  
 Gamesters and Fops, and Friars black and white ;  
 These play, those dance ; some sleep, & others write.

There cank'ring Rust, or envious Flames consume  
*Athenian* Wisdom, and the Wit of *Rome* ;  
 These pluck the Laurel from old *Homer's* Head,  
 And, Murd'ers of his Sense, translate him dead ;  
 Those aim the Pick-ax at some noble Bust,  
 Or turn admired Statues into Dust ;

A *Venus* \* here, there a *Laocoon* falls ;  
 And *Apellean* Strokes are torn from Walls :  
 Fortune's first Cruelty *Augustus* tries,  
 And more than one *Mæcenus* mangled lies.  
 But eminently plac'd, mad *Nero* smiles,  
 Joyful as when he saw *Rome's* blazing Piles.  
 Lewd *Thais* † the destructive Flambeau throws,  
 Vain of her Charms, and her great Captive shews.  
 His heavy Brow illit'rate *Mummius* \*\* rears,  
 And *Midas* grave pricks up his Afs's Ears ;  
 The Tyrant Savage, and the Fool unread,  
 All Foes to Arts, are there in dusky Lead.

\* The *Venus* of *Medici*, at *Florence*, and the *Laocoon* of the *Belvedere* in *Rome*, are two of the most admir'd Figures of Antiquity.

† A famous *Greek* Curtezan; she persuaded *Alexander*, in one of his drunken Fits, to set *Pèrsepolis* on fire.

\*\* *Mummius*, the *Roman* General that took *Corinth*; having load-ed a Vessel with the noblest Pieces of *Grecian* Sculpture, he was so very stupid, that he bad the Sailors, at their Peril, take Care how they broke them; for if they did, they should be oblig'd to buy new ones in their room.

*Bavius* is prais'd, *Longinus* is reprov'd;  
 And Foes to *Raphael* are by † *Hemskirk* mov'd;  
*B---rd* leads the captive *Angelo* along,  
 And *Vandal Bently* mends th' *Horatian* Song.

Sleek *Superstition* hither now repairs,  
 Mumbling between her Teeth eternal Pray'rs,  
 In Purple cloath'd, the bowing Throng she scorns,  
 A three-pil'd Crown her fullen Brow adorns.

To Her the Monster-breeding *Nile* gave Birth,  
 And *Memphis* was her first Abode on Earth;  
 By her white Robe, and holy Fillets known,  
 She taught the Virtues there of Wood and Stone;  
 Impress'd an Awe on Forms of Dogs and Apes,  
 And gave a thousand Gods a thousand Shapes:

---

† A famous *Dutch* Painter of Drolls and Grotesques.

Thence,

Thence, by Degrees, extending East and West,  
 Spread o'er the ample Ball th' infectious Pest;  
 Assign'd each doubtful Oracle a Name,  
 And fed in *Vesta's* Dome th' eternal Flame.  
 By her inspir'd the hoary *Druid* spoke,  
 Rever'd by Nations from his Moss-grown Oak;  
 And with presaging Eye, the laurel'd Seer  
 Read Fates of Empires in the bleeding Steer.  
 Th' Enthusiast *Scot* her noisy Impulse feels;  
 She hangs the half-choak'd *Brachman* § by the Heels;  
 Girds bare-foot Knaves with inoffensive Ropes,  
 And governs Worlds by Muftis and by Popes.

Great is the Cause, O kindred Pow'rs, she said,  
 From which, alarm'd, I leave my downy Bed;

---

§ It is the Name of a Sect of *Indian* Philosophers and Priests, who superstitiously mortify themselves in this manner, and many other as extravagant Penances.

When you are threaten'd, shall your old Ally  
 Sunk on soft Plumes the Calm of Peace enjoy?  
 See our Recovering Foe invade your Throne,  
 And on your ruin'd State rebuild her own?  
 Behold! the Goddess, who so late our Scorn,  
 On *Padus'* Banks fate helpless and forlorn;  
 In radiant Steel, offensive to my Eye,  
 With *Henry* for her Guide ascends the Sky;  
 Tow'rd *Britain's* Isle I saw them wing their Way,  
 (*Britain*, our old Hereditary Sway;)  
 Where Monks, firm Enemies to Truth and Light,  
 For twice five Ages have maintain'd our Right.  
 If still our Destinies move Hand in Hand,  
 And by alternate Fates we fall or stand:  
 If never yet disjoin'd, our Social Crowns  
 Baleful to Arts, have bray'd *Minerva's* Frowns;

Rise,



Rife, arm, let each her thick-skull'd Host prepare,  
And wave her dusky Banner in the Air ;  
The ready *Vatican* its Aid will lend,  
And ev'ry *Polar* Power is our Friend :  
The Van be mine and my fat Clergy's Care,  
Be you with blind Lay-Troops the Seconds of the  
[War.

O fure Supporter of our gloomy Throne,  
 Whose Hate to Arts, and Zeal for Us is known;  
 Great by myself, by Thee o'er all I reign,  
 Nor knows my Sway a Limit but the Main;  
 By thee *Minerva* was at length thrown out,  
 Where solemn Pontiffs awe the *Latian* Rout;  
 My *Western* Islands, and my *Gaul* were won,  
 And *Spain*, proud Neighbour of the Setting Sun.

If real Fears, within thy anxious Breast,  
 No vain imaginary Ills suggest;  
 And with recruited Strength the Nymph invades  
 The Realms we screen with patrimonial Shades;  
 Against her Charms let all our Force unite,  
 And ev'ry muster'd Idiot try the Fight.

What

What tho' the beauteous Daughter of the Sky  
 Darts killing Day from each Cœlestial Eye ;  
 What tho' her dreaded *Gorgon* she expands,  
 And calls forth all her lean and hungry Bands ?  
 So thick clings round us Night's *Cimmerian* Veil,  
 Secure we trust th'impenetrable Mail.  
 Myself behind this ample Shield of Lead,  
 Will to the Field my daring Squadrons head ;  
 And with Maternal *Panoply* arm'd o'er,  
 Add to my former Wreaths one Poppy more.  
 By me *Persepolis* † and *Rome* \* were fir'd,  
 And Learning's *Pharian* † Stores in Flames expir'd ;

---

† The Capital of *Persia*, of which there are yet considerable Remains.

\* *Rome* was consum'd several Times ; but this more particularly points at *Nero's* Conflagration.

† The *Alexandrian* Library in *Egypt*.

On *Dido's* Tow'rs § I tofs'd the fatal Brand,  
 And bury'd *Babylon's* proud Walls in Sand ;  
 To the stern *Ottoman Byzantium* gave,  
 And fair *Palmyra* \* made the *Arabs'* Slave.  
 I fir'd with Rage and Lust † *Eudofia's* Breast,  
 When o'er the Main she call'd her barb'rous Guest ;  
 Led on the pop'lous *North's* destructive Sons,  
 And modern Monks supply'd to antient *Huns*.

She said ; and marshal'd freight in wide Array  
 The Ranks were seen impatient of the Fray ;  
 Captains and Soldiers to their Posts repair'd,  
 Flags were display'd, and Minstrelsy was heard :

---

§ *Carthage*, burnt to the Ground in the last *Punick* War by the second *Africanus* ; with all its Inhabitants.

\* A vast City at the Foot of Mount *Libanus*, of which there are magnificent Remains to this Day : It was the Residence of the famous *Zenobia*, in *Aurelian's* Time.

† Widow to *Valentinian* III, murder'd by *Maximus* ; That Usurper having forc'd her to his Bed, she in Revenge invited over the *Vandal* *Genserich* from *Africa*, who carried her away with him, and all the richest Spoils of *Rome*.

When

When sudden, lo ! before the motley Troop  
 A toothless *Sybil's* haggard Form rose up ;  
 Dreadful her Eyes with *Pythian* Sparkles shone,  
 And cast a Glare that froze the Looker-on.  
 As Hinds unarm'd who meet the lurking Snake  
 Bound from the deadly Spot, and shun the Brake ;  
 Or shrieking Nymphs flit from the haunted Glade,  
 Where the pale Moon-light shews the glimmering  
 Wing'd with like Fear each Warrior from the Crone  
 Shudd'ring recoil'd, and felt a Dread unknown ;  
 Scarce could the Queens themselves, (of Valour  
 Th' *Avernian* Beldam's blood-shot Balls abide ;  
 Yet in their mighty Minds collected stood,  
 And strove to animate the dastard Crowd.  
 The Panick soon dispell'd with one Assent,  
 All turn, and press to see the great Event :

Then



Then she — Attend, ye Foes to sacred Light,  
Of Shades Inhabitants, and Spawn of Night :

Give o'er the rash advent'rous Scheme of War,  
Vain Force you raise, and Armies vain prepare:  
'The great, the destin'd Hour, at length is come,  
When *Britain* must revolt from You and *Rome* ;  
Behold, the ready Arts are on the Wing,  
And each glad Science hails her Patron † King ;  
Presaging Steeples backward ring their Bells,  
And fat Conventuals tremble in their Cells ;  
Nor soothing Eloquence, nor Threat avails ;  
Ev'n *Wolfey's* Tongue, and *Clement's* § Thunder fails.  
And will you then expose this valiant Troop  
To save one Limb, which Fate decrees to lop?

---

† *Henry VIII.*

§ *Clement VIII.* he never would consent to *Henry's* Divorce from Queen *Katherine*, which oblig'd the King to shake off his Supremacy.

Lead forth your Numbers, and provoke the Fight  
 Against the Odds of Learning, Truth, and Light ?  
 Not so, ye Pow'rs! — but still on Down supine,  
 Of your vast State that fever'd Spot resign :  
 Secure of Continents so large, so fair !  
 One petty Island is not worth your Care.

Lo ; where the *Sophy* and *Mogul* are own'd,  
 These but as your Vicegerents fit enthron'd :  
 Your dread Commands (near Kinsman\* to the Gods)  
 The *Turk* in his *Seraglio* hears, and nods :  
 Ev'n whence *Confucius* † banish'd once your Sway,  
 Extended *China* shuts out Learning's Ray.  
 See where the *Tanais*, and *Volga* roll,  
 And false *Auroras* glimmer near the *Pole* ;

---

\* The *Ottoman* Emperors have many fulsome and ridiculous Titles of this kind.

† *Confucius*, the great Law-giver and Philosopher of *China* two thousand Years ago.

Where frozen Seas ne'er felt a genial Thaw,  
*Scythia's* bleak Shores obey your boundless Law;  
 Your firm *Helvetian* Friends what need I name;  
 And *Ister's* Banks, your everlasting Claim?  
 Where'er the *Alcoran* its Opiat spreads,  
 Or radiant Miters blaze on cloudy Heads,  
 From *North* to *South* the out-stretch'd Ball's your  
 [own,  
 The Robe, the Cowl; the Pulpit, and the Throne.

But, ah! methinks in dark Futurity  
 A new emerging *British* Isle I see!  
 In Cloaks and Bands up springs a Mushroom Race,  
 Vassals of *Ignorance* and Babes of *Grace*:  
 Before them bleeding *Royalty* lies low,  
 And *Learning* hides her venerable Brow;  
 Seraphick Nonfence in the Temples roars,  
 And *Calvin* bellows from his *Leman's* § Shores.

---

§ The Lake of *Geneva*; in old Authors, *Lemannus*.

Committees grave, and Synods rule the Land,  
Altars are stripp'd, and Gore imbrues the Sand.  
*How'rd's* antient Marbles \* (*Asia's* noble Spoils)  
Great *Michel's* Images, and *Urbins* Oils,  
(Pride of thy *Charles's* Domes, Imperial † *Thames*,)  
Or fall by Hammers, or consume in Flames.  
Ah ! that the dear, destructive Scene might last !  
But o'er my Eyes a sudden Veil is cast ;  
More is forbid ; my Sand prefix'd is run,  
And *Pluto* calls me back to *Acheron*.  
She spoke, and mix'd with Air ; — the Troops  
[disband  
And each glad Warrior takes his former Stand ;  
The Queens their interrupted Sleep renew,  
The Chiefs around their wonted Sports pursue :

\* The *Arundel* Marbles, brought from *Smyrna* and other Parts of the *Levant*, by that noble Earl.

† Great part of this inestimable Collection stood in *Whitehall* and *Somerſet* Gardens, before the Rebellion; and at that Time were broke to Pieces and thrown into the River; as the most Curious Paintings of the Crown, &c. were burnt by the Mob.

# The

The Cave re-ecchoes with the *Sybil's* praise,  
 And jarring Chords mix inharmonious Lays.  
 So when the Spirits war in human Veins,  
 And scarce its fev'rish Tide the Heart contains ;  
 With friendly Draughts if some *Galenick* Sage  
 Allays th'intestine *Vulcan's* spreading Rage,  
 The vital Juices own his wond'rous Pow'r  
 And run thro' Life's *Mæanders* as before.







# Henry *and* Minerva.

A

## P O E M.

---

### C A N T O IV.

---



UT *Superstition*, fill'd with anxious  
[Thought,  
Soars on the Wing, and leaves the  
[darksome Vault;  
Speeds to unfold the dire Decrees of  
[Fate,  
And since she cannot save, console her State.

Soon wafted thro' the wide Expanse of Air

To the known Land, her first, her fav'rite Care;

On

On equal Pinions pois'd, she curbs her Flight,  
And with old Scenes of Glory feasts her Sight :

First, she survey'd the memorable Spot  
(In *Rome's* red Annals ne'er to be forgot)  
Where *Richard's* Succesor,\* but *Peter's* Slave  
The Realms of *Brute* to haughty Pontiffs gave;  
(Laugh'd pamper'd Prelates, laugh'd the bald-pate  
And shirtless Legions sang their Joy aloud, [Crowd,  
She saw the Ground which † holy *Dunstan* trod,  
She saw where *Emma* § walk'd o'er Flames unshod:  
Here to the penal Scourge great *Henry* || stoop'd,  
There burning Heresy with *Wickliff*\*\* droop'd!

---

\* King *John*; this Donation has been mention'd in *Canto* I.

† The famous Saint, and Archbishop of *Canterbury*, contemporary with *Ethelred*, &c.

§ Mother to *Edward the Confessor*; to clear herself from the Imputation of Adultery, she underwent the superstitious Tryal of the *Ordeal* Law, which was to walk bare-foot over red-hot Plough Shares.

|| *H. II.* submitted to this severe Penance to atone for the Murder of *Tho. Becket*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

\*\* *Wickliff* was the first who pav'd the Way for the Reformation in the XIVth Century; and was burnt for an Heretick.

From

From thence she turn'd her Eye to where on  
 Kings fate but Deputies to miter'd Drones; <sup>[Thrones]</sup>  
 If these ordain'd, retir'd to peaceful Shades,  
 Wore *Palmer's* Weeds, or undertook Croisades.  
 To other Sights she pass'd, and now beheld  
 Where scarce *Lud's* Walls the long Processions held;  
 The shining *Flamens* stalk on two by two;  
 And *Wolfey* (upstart Pageant !) crowns the Shew.  
 Lo ! where the Purple Meteor moves along,  
 And from his Princely Steed surveys the Throng !  
 Near his proud Stirrup menial Knights attend,  
 Peers watch his Nod,\* and as he looks they bend :  
 Scarce with more Pomp, thro' Lanes of prostrate  
 His *Lateran* † *Rome's* new-made Sov'reign sees. <sup>[Knees,</sup>

---

\* The Insolence of *Wolfey* is describ'd at large by Historians. In his *French Embassy* he was attended by Earls, and other great Noblemen, some of whom always held the Bâton for him to walk.

† The new Popes, soon after their Promotion, go in Cavalcade to take Possession of the Church St. *John Lateran*.

Or their vain Heads elated Muftis fhew  
While fervile Turbants hide the Ground below.

With Scenes like thefe the Matron ftooth'd her  
Carelefs of Fate, and her expiring Reign ; [Pain,  
A while fhe ftooth'd ; but foon new Sorrows rofe,  
Thro' either Eye the gushing Torrent flows ;  
And Pleafures paft add Weight to fure impending  
[Woes.]

Nigh where fhone *Glafton's* venerable Pile,  
And bare-foot Pilgrims kifs'd the § Sacred Soil ;  
Within the fecret Covert of a Wood,  
The Work of *Gothic* Hands, her Palace flood.

Here in rude Oils, with barb'rous Art exprest,  
Were all her Labours feen from *East* to *West* ;

---

§ *Joſeph of Arimathea* is ſaid to have firſt preach'd the Goſpel at this Place to the *Pagan Britons* ; and to have planted there the famous Thorn out of our Saviour's Crown.

Each

Each Tale she introduc'd, each God she made,  
 The *Lybian Ammon*, || and *Dodona's* Shade ;  
 Ill-Starr'd *Osiris* \* aw'd his *Pharian* Crowd,  
 The Realms of *Cyrus* to their *Mithras* † bow'd ;  
 Each mystick Form which *Asia's* Sons rever'd,  
 With its peculiar Attribute appear'd ;  
 The fishy § *Dagon*, and ‡ *Astarte* horn'd ;  
 And *Syrian* Dames their lov'd \*\* *Adonis* mourn'd ;

---

|| Two of the most famous Oracles of Heathen Times, both Sacred to *Jupiter* ; the former in *Africa*, and the latter in *Greece*.

\* King of *Egypt*, Husband to *Isis*, by whom he had *Orus* : He extended his Conquests as far as *Spain* ; and was murder'd by the Monster *Typhon*. The *Ægyptians* call'd him *Apis* after his Death, and worshipp'd him in the Shape of a white Ox.

† The Sun of the *Persians* ; whom they represented sometimes under the Form of a Serpent, and sometimes as a Man sitting upon a Bull, and cutting his Throat.

§ The God of the *Philistines* and *Syrians*, represented with his nether Parts like a Fish.

‡ The *Diana* of the *Phœnicians*.

\*\* The *Syrian* Women had a solemn Festival every Year in Commemoration of *Adonis*, whose Death they lamented, calling him *Thammus*.



Great *Berecynthia's* Priests, in Gore imbru'd,  
 For † *Atys* lost their cruel Rites pursu'd ;  
 Her *Numa* here th' *Egerian* Nymph inspir'd,  
 And *Mecca's* Prophet by his Dove was fir'd ;  
 § *Hali* was near ; the || *Tyanean* Sage ;  
 And *Woden*, fear'd where Northern Tempests rage ;  
 And grisly *Dæmons* whom the *Ganges* dreads,  
 In *Siam's* Pagods rear'd their thousand Heads.

But on the adverse Wall's extended Line  
 Of Western Bigotry the Triumphs shine ;  
 Grave Papal Heads their high *Tiaras* rear,  
 And rubrick Saints adorn the *Roman* Year :

---

† The Priests of *Cybele*, call'd *Galli*, *Archigalli*, or *Agyrta* ; us'd, in their Festivals to the Memory of her Favourite *Atys*, to cut and slash themselves in a terrible manner.

§ *Hali*, the Prophet of the *Persians*, as *Mahomet* is of the *Turks*.

|| *Apollonius Tianeus*, whose Life *Philostatus* has writ, contemporary to *Antoninus Pius*. Some of the Heathens believ'd him a God.



Religious Flames the holy Champions warm, \\  
 Great *Godfrey* leads, the \* Hermit sounds th' Alarm.  
*Indies* are lavish'd at *Loreto's* Shrine,  
 And bare-foot Monarchs trudge to *Palestine*.  
 The Goddess thence † her hungry Millions feeds,  
 And stocks Mankind with *Agnus's* and *Beads* ;  
 Of Relicks there the venal Stores does keep,  
 And waking still herself, lulls all to sleep.

This Labour ended, here she lit at length,  
 Assum'd her Throne, and rally'd all her Strength :  
 Vain Effort ! a superior Power she feels,  
 And through her Heart presaging Terror steals.

Hither forthwith her summon'd Sons repair,  
 Who bask in Ease, and know the Sweets of Pray'r,

---

\* The Hermit *Peter*, who by his Preaching first excited the *European* Princes to the Holy War.

† From *Loreto*.

In Silk, in Serge, in Rochets, and in Cowls,  
 Who feast like Epicures, or doze like Owls.  
 To them the Queen ---- O Race I long have fed,  
 And blest'd with double Portion of my Lead;  
 True to my Cause, to *Arts* and *Learning* blind;  
 Fate has your Doom irrevocable sign'd !  
 Your Shrines and Roods must now forsaken stand,  
 Or fall beneath some sacrilegious Hand.  
 No more shall Pilgrims press to *Becket's* Head,  
 Or creep to wonder-working † *Winifred*;  
 Farewell to § *Edmund's* and to || *Edward's* Bones,  
 That call'd their Princely Worshippers from Thrones,

† *Winifred*, a *British* Virgin Saint and Martyr; whose Well was celebrated for Cures; and is still famous in *Wales*.

§ *S. Edmund*, King of the *East Saxons*, who was murther'd by the *Danes* at that Place which from him is call'd *St. Edmunds-bury*: There was a famous Abby before the Reformation; now in Ruins.

|| *St. Edward*, King of *England*, surnamed *the Confessor*; whose Relicks in *Westminster* Abbey were much resorted to in Popish Times.

To

To Relicks fabulous, to Legends old,  
 And Tales that drain'd the dim Believer's Gold.  
 But late for Safety to these Realms I ran,  
 Attack'd by \* *Charles* within my *Vatican* ;  
*Henry* my greater Foe now drives me hence,  
*Erasmus* writes me out, and Priests talk Sense.

Farther and farther yet my View I stretch  
 To Scenes of Woe beyond your human Reach :  
 Methinks I see in Fate's inverted Urn,  
 To Stores of Arts your Refectories turn,  
 And *Newton's* Systems in those Schools embrac'd,  
 From which dull *Scotists* Truth and Reason chac'd.  
 Long promis'd to Mankind, of *Tudor's* Race  
 Behold ! the first in Fame, the last in Place,

---

\* In the Year 1526. *Charles V.* besieg'd *Clement VIII.* in the Castle of *St. Angelo* ; where he held him Prisoner, in a manner, a long Time ; after the taking of *Rome* by the Constable of *Bourbon*.

*Eliza*, Terror of the *Roman* See,

(Name ever curs'd by *Ignorance* and me !)

Her Maiden Throne what Crowds of Worthies

What Wisdom shines, what Eloquence is heard !

*Sidney* her Soldier, *Spencer* is her Bard !

*Vandike* and *Rubens*, Glories of the *North*,

(Thro' *Belgian* Fogs like Beams of Light shot  
[forth])

To fair *Augusta* Graces new impart,

And sage *Inigo* joins *Vitruvian* Art.

Rising and rising still in Time's long Maze,

I see th' Usurper *Learning* spread her Rays :

*How'd* with a Soul extensive as his Stores,

Far Eastward roves beyond th' *Ionian* Shores ;

(Studios expiring Sciences to save,)

And antient *Greece* revives on \* *Iffs'* Wave.

---

\* The famous Inscriptions given by the great Earl of *Arundel* to the University of *Oxford*, known by the Name of the *Arundelian* Marbles, which *Selden* and *Prideaux* have so learnedly commented upon: These were a Part of that Nobleman's vast Collection.

Lo! where fam'd *Wilton* \* *Sarum*'s Plain o'erlooks,  
 And cloister'd Dames now dream by murm'ring  
*Herbert*, great Offspring of a Race renown'd, [Brooks,  
 Shall spread all *Latium* on the Classic Ground.  
 More yet I see, who sung in future Lays  
 Shall grace a *Stuart*'s, or a *Nassau*'s Days ;  
*Dorset* and *Hallifax*, ( *Apollo*'s Care )  
 And *Lansdown* skill'd to sooth the ravish'd Ear :  
 And *Cav'ndish* glorious in *Minerva*'s Fane  
 Reflects new Lustre on a *Brunswick*'s Reign.

But ah ! the Vision shifts ; and now behold  
 Our Iron Age, succeeded by the Gold ;  
 From *Tagus*' Shores a dawning Light I spy,  
 And great *Ignatius* gilds th' *Hesperian* † Sky !

---

\* It was formerly an House of *Augustinian* Nuns.

† *St. Ignatius Loyola* ; Father of the *Jesuits* ; and who had been a Soldier under *Charles V.* he began to grow in Repute for Sanctity in the *XVIth.* Century.



To him ev'n *Dominic* and *Francis* bend,  
 Kings are his Slaves, the Fisherman's his Friend,  
 Hail well-tim'd Saint ! I see thy growing Sway  
 Shut in the rising and the setting Day :  
*Peking* and *Nanking* § blinder than before,  
 Receive new Idols from || thy boundless Store :  
 Not distant *Cusco* \* from thy Chain is free,  
 And *Cortez* † conquers new-found Worlds for Thee.

More Comfort yet ! lo, from the glacial Zone  
*Christina* §§ comes ! and leaves her Arctick Throne :

§ The Two famous Capitals of *China*.

|| The Jesuit Missionaries in that Part of the World have allow'd a most scandalous Liberty to their new Converts, and suffer'd them to mix the Worship of Christ with that of *Confucius*.

\* The Capital of *Peru* ; the Jesuits have vast Tracts in *America* ; particularly all the *Paraguay*.

† *Ferdinand Cortez*, who reduc'd *Mexico* to the Obedience of the *Spaniards* in the XVIth Century.

§§ Daughter to the Great *Gustavus* King of *Sweden* ; she renounc'd the Protestant Religion, with her Crown, towards the End of the last Century, and retir'd to *Rome*, where she died.

Religious



Religious Zeal inflames her convert Breast,  
 And *Rome* receives one welcome || *Vandal* Guest !  
 An hundred charming Scenes my ravish'd Eye  
 Unfolds, but soon as born the Phantoms dye.  
 I see *Maria's* Fires, and *Philip's* Fleet, \*  
 A *Nassau* slain, † a *Palatine's* Defeat, §  
*Ravilliac's* Dagger plung'd in *Bourbon's* Gore, ||||  
 And *Fawks* employs the Nitre's *Stygian* Pow'r  
 Oh ! may Success upon each Labour wait ;  
 Success, from these dim Eyes conceal'd by Fate.

---

|| The *Swedish* Kings style themselves also, Kings of the *Goths* and *Vandals*.

\* The *Spanish Armada*, sent by *Philip II.* to invade *England*, upon the Shores of which it was wholly destroy'd, partly by bad Weather, and partly by the Conduct of *Drake*, and other of *Queen Elizabeth's* Admirals.

† *William I.* Prince of *Orange*, Deliverer of the *Netherlands*; he was murther'd at *Delft* by a Villain employ'd by the *Jesuits*.

§ *Frederick*, the unfortunate King of *Bohemia*, defeated at *Prague* by the *Imperialists*, Son-in-law to King *James I.*

|| *Henry IV.* of *France*, murther'd (as is supposed) at the Instigation of the *Jesuits*, as being suspected too partial to the *Protestants*.

Now

Now haste, my Sons, lead off your num'rous Bands  
 To the kind Shelter of our Social Lands,  
 Ere the proud Laity your Realms invades,  
 And hostile Feet prophane your Sacred Shades.  
 Far hence to where the *Tiber* rolls I fly,  
 ('The great Metropolis of Bigotry)  
 Already on your Domes the Ruin falls,  
 My Empire ceases, and the Conclave calls.

She said, and vanish'd; for to Sight display'd  
 Now hover'd in Mid-air the blue-ey'd Maid,  
 Her *Gorgon* Shield no adverse Eye can stand;  
 She grasps Paternal Thunder in her Hand.  
 Beside her *Henry* shakes his dreaded Lance;  
 And the fair Arts, a joyous Throng, advance.

Despair

# The

The tott'ring Dome *Minerva's* Arm confests'd,  
 The many fall beneath its Weight opprefs'd ;  
 Earth gapes, black smoth'ring Clouds of Smoak  
 And Bolts his dreadful thro' the red'ning Skies ;  
 Palace and Men all sink within the Cleft,  
 A noisom, foul, *Avernian* Stench is left.

But lo ! a sudden Sun, with forcive Beam,  
 Dispels the Night, and shews the Heav'n-born Dame ;  
 With vary'd Form she now on Earth is seen,  
 And stripp'd of all her Terror, smiles serene ;  
 As once in *Athens* or in *Rome*, her Throne  
 Beauteous she fill'd, and in *Byzance* was known.

Beneath her Seat, obedient to the Hand  
 A Snow-white *Arab* spurns the yellow Sand ;  
 And conscious of the Weight his Back sustains,  
 Bounding like *Æthon*, † champs the golden Reins.

---

† One of the Horses of the Sun.

Such *Rubens* his divine \* *Maria* drew,  
Her Port as noble, and as fair her Hue.

The *Dryads* now that haunt *Britannia's* Woods,  
And hoary Pow'rs that guide Her thousand Floods,  
*Iſs*, (the chief) renown'd for pleasing Strains,  
With Silver *Cam* that laves *Icenian* § Plains,  
All greet the Victor Queen with Olive crown'd;  
*Augusta* joyous ecchoes back the Sound.  
Where *Henry* rules, *Jove's* Daughter joyntly fways,  
And *Arts* and *Learning* ſee new *Halcyon* Days.

---

\* *Mary of Medici*, as ſhe is repreſented in one of the Paintings of the *Luxemburg* Gallery.

§ The *Iceni* were the People of *Cambridgeſhire* and *Suffolk*.

F I N I S.

13

1951

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1. The District Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, in its order of the 10th day of March, 1904, in the case of the United States vs. the District of Columbia, No. 10,000, directed the following:

1911

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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